

# EVENING WORLD TEN-SECOND NEWS MOVIES

## Arthur Stringer, Novelist of the Great Canadian Northwest, Talks on the Loneliness of City Dwellers



"The prairie is neighborly. You go fifteen miles to a dance, and every one who lives between goes, too."



"City life is a lonely life, moving pictures and dramas are only narcotic to make your lonely forget."



"The howl of a coyote at twilight sounds no more lonesome than the orchestra sounds to the hall roomer."



"It is the lonely woman who attends concerts, reads books and feathers the nest of isolation with the consolation of art."



"Too many women who thought the city flat an avenue of personal freedom find it a cemetery for dead souls."



"The prairie woman hasn't time to be lonely. She must work or perish. The ozone prairie gives her the strength."



"Prairie dwellers never lock their door. In the city you chain your door mat. You don't know your neighbors."



"The city is made up of lonely millions, sitting behind the walls of their souls and living in bottled romance."

### HOSTESS ROBBED OF \$50,000 GEMS BY SINGLE THUG

Mrs. Robertson Brings Story of Deal Beach Hold-Up to Lloyd's.

NO CLUE IS FOUND.

Dinner Party Forced to Give Up Both Money and Jewels.

Mrs. Sarah Lavan Miller Robertson came to New York to-day from her home at Deal Beach, N. J., to consult with Lloyds regarding the insurance carried by them for the \$50,000 worth of jewelry which was taken from her by a lone armed robber while she was entertaining friends at dinner Saturday night.

Mrs. Robertson, who went to Deal on Friday to make her home there until she has rented her five Deal cottages for the summer, had as dinner guests her real estate agent, David S. Meyer, of Long Branch, his seventeen-year-old nephew, Edgar M. Lazarus, and her niece and companion, Miss Olive Robertson. Mrs. Robertson was wearing a diamond sunburst on the shoulder of her gown.

She had left three diamond rings on the kitchen sink while preparing dinner—she is merely camping out in the cottage for the present, she told her friends. The remainder of the jewelry, which she had taken on Friday from the safe at the McAlpin Hotel and carried with her to Deal, was in a gold meshbag on the sideboard.

E. C. Taber of Long Branch called with samples of awning material, and she invited him into the dining room to wait until dinner was over. A few minutes later she was again called to the front door.

She was confronted by a tall man in a long raincoat, with a soft hat pulled down over his eyes and a handkerchief covering the lower half of his face. He pointed a revolver at her and told her to put up her hands.

TEARS DIAMOND SUNBURST FROM HER SHOULDER.

He grasped the diamond sunburst and tore it from her shoulder. Then he ordered her to walk backward into the dining room.

As she backed through the door the robber, who had a smooth, steady voice, called: "Everybody stay still or get hurt."

Young Mr. Lazarus jumped up at the first glimpse of the intruder and started for him. Miss Olive Robertson jumped in front of him and begged him to go back and sit down lest she be shot. He did.

The robber ordered all five to stand against the wall of the dining room. He stood beside a serving table and summoned each man to come to the table and lay on it everything he had in his pockets.

Mr. Meyer went to the table and contributed \$50 in money. Mr. Lazarus was walking to the table when Mrs. Robertson darted to the sideboard and tried to knock the mesh bag into an open drawer. The robber sprang at her, crying: "Drop that!"

### MARY GARDEN HAS RECIPE FOR YOUTH ON 45TH BIRTHDAY

May Seek Fortune Selling Pills, but Won't Add Husband to Other Troubles.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20. Mary Garden celebrated her forty-fifth birthday here to-day with the announcement that she was thinking of going into the patent medicine business.

Answering the question: "How do you do it?" by one of her flock of interviewers who noticed she seemed more youthful and was many pounds thinner than when she was last here, she said jokingly:

"It's just pills. I take one a day. I'm thinking of having them patented so I can make a lot of money."

"Are you thinking of getting married?"

"My Lord, man! I have enough troubles without a husband!"

"Besides, I don't have to think of a husband for two years yet. A fortune teller in San Francisco told me I would get married in 1924."

Several men standing about the desk of the McAlpin Hotel when the jewels were turned over to her on Friday afternoon. She checked the jewels at the counter and placed them in a handbag. On the train, she said, she met an old friend, Miss Gladys Brown of Long Branch, and took the jewels out and showed them to her. Several persons in nearby seats of the car seemed much interested, she recalls now.

The list of the stolen jewelry furnished to the Deal police is as follows: Large square diamond ring set in a circle of smaller stones.

Diamond dinner ring set with four large stones.

Ruby and emerald ring. Sapphire ring, the stone "as large as a 3-cent piece."

A two and a half inch bar pin set with diamonds.

Gild mesh bag with thirteen diamonds set in the top of the frame.

Diamonds added wrist-watch with thirty diamonds set in the gold and platinum clasp.

Twenty-four inch strand of pearls with a diamond cross.

There was also \$300 in cash in the bag.

### GIVE DEFENDANT CHANCE JUROR SAID; MISTRIAL

Must Answer to Court on Contumacious Charge.

After Gregory Emanuel of No. 2357 Seventh Avenue, on trial before Judge Mulqueen for assault had been severely cross-examined by Assistant District Attorney Edward Weil and the court was waiting for the next witness, the foreman of the jury, Charles M. Wyant, a manufacturer at No. 234 East 24th Street spoke to Mr. Weil in a tone audible all over the court room.

"Why don't you give the defendant a chance," he said. "Your testimony is all wrong. Even your witness is all wrong."

Mr. Weil asked Judge Mulqueen to call a mistrial. Judge Mulqueen complied with the request and notified Mr. Wyant to present himself before the court Wednesday accompanied by a lawyer to face a charge of contumacious conduct.

### MAN AND WOMAN HURT AS AUTO HITS HYDRANT

Station Island Pair Taken to Hospital in Serious Condition.

An automobile in which Joseph Roe of No. 833 Post Avenue, Port Richmond, was taking Miss Agnes Cusick, a telephone exchange operator, from her home at No. 108 Bergher Street, West New Brighton, skidded on Richmond Turnpike this afternoon and struck a fire hydrant. Both were thrown to the street. The automobile was wrecked.

Miss Cusick and Mr. Roe were taken to the Staten Island Hospital unconscious. Miss Cusick had concussion of the brain and internal injuries. Mr. Roe's right arm was broken and his body covered with bruises.

### Great Outdoors Lonely? Never! Says Writer, 10 Years Canadian Prairie Dweller

Arthur Stringer, Back From Alberta, Has Only Pity for City Folk—Breaks Records for Visitors by Ignoring Prohibition in Hour and Half Interview.

By Lindsay Denison.

A notable man has just come to New York to live. So far as the experience of a rather active reporter moving around in this city of 6,000,000 or so residents and strangers affords a measure, he is the most notable man who has come to town since Jan. 16, 1920. Arthur Stringer, novelist—who has found his characters backstage and in the gutter and behind bars as well as in prairie slacks and fruit-ranch homes—can talk for an hour and a half without mentioning Prohibition. Not once. Let him be welcomed back to New York from the short-grass country of the Canadian Northwest with due reverence and humility.

Have you a little blue devil of loneliness in your hall bedroom or your studio apartment or your puffy cushioned Fifth Avenue boudoir, lady? Because the reason Arthur Stringer never thinks to talk about things in the prevailing terms of the alcoholic is because he can think of so many ways in which to tell you where to go if you wish never to see that blue devil again or hear him sniffing at your doorsill. And why is this true?

That Mr. Stringer has just packed a freight car with his best liked books and pictures and rugs and his pet furniture and comes out of the near and far Northwest country to New York does not cloud his enthusiasm in the least. (At least, he thinks he has come to New York. He has bought a home at Mountain Lakes, over in New Jersey. Alberta is so far away, perhaps, that it looked like New York.) He has come back to his two sons a chance for a varied view of life which he believes they might as well have—they are four and five years old—and because he feels it good business to live in the thick of the readers of his novels and his publishers for awhile.

It does not make him the least bit apologetic for his theory of the comparatively unloneliness of the ranch country that he comes back just as Bobbe-Merrill are about to put on the bookshelves his "The Prairie Call," completing a trilogy with "The Prairie Wife" and "The Prairie Mother." If he had only himself or Mrs. Stringer to consider to the end of his days, he would probably not have come back, he is very sure, except as a gallivanting excursionist.

"It is nearly always the way," says Mr. Stringer, "that the less a woman knows of the homely things of life, the hardships of fighting dirt and hunger and cold the more she has been waited on, the more resourcefully she fits into the prairie life. There is that other sort which 'comes out from home'; the sort who have always done their own cooking and washing and sewing and sweeping. They are not so cheerful in meeting the change; they are frightened enough; but I'd never call them lonely."

Except for not mentioning Prohibition—not so much as even telling a bootlegger story—Mr. Stringer talked of a lot of things. There were reminiscences of old friends in the days when the Village was a place where one lived because it was cheap, never dreaming that it was a place where one would go and pay and pay and pay because it pays to advertise—and wondering where this one was or that.

Also he talked of growing Montreal melons—the kind that bees sting to get the syrup from them. None who has heard Mr. Stringer tell of the nature of the Montreal melon will ever doubt the sincerity of his all-embracing sensitive sympathy.

"Of course, you have to get them in a lot," he said. It is gratified. According to Mr. Stringer he starts them in pots under glass; puts little glass houses over them in the garden to protect them from the chill breezes

### Doctor at 99 Credits Wine For Long Life

Followed Advice of Brother Physician to Use Beverage; Overcame Early Ailment.

Dr. Stephen Smith, founder of the New York State and National Boards of Health and probably one of the most influential of medical men who have established the fact that protection of the public health is a vital matter of government, celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday yesterday. He was at the home of the Rev. Walter Nason at Montour Falls, N. Y.

Dr. Smith, according to his sister, Mrs. James Pratt, is hale and hearty. He was in New York a couple of weeks ago, when he was the honor guest at a dinner given by the American Public Health Association to celebrate the golden jubilee of his membership.

The secret of longevity, according to Dr. Smith, is sufficient proper food. Said he:

"In my earlier years I suffered from dyspepsia and it forced me to a meagre diet of simple foods. As a result I saved my stomach and have the use of it now. I took care of my stomach during the first fifty years of my life and now it is taking care of me. It was during a visit to Paris as delegate to the International Sanitary Conference that I learned to drink wine, with the result that I have been well ever since. At a banquet I sat next to a famous French physician whom I told about my unfortunate handicap. He advised me to drink wine between the courses, saying it would digest the food I had eaten. I followed his advice and did not experience any further discomfort."

"Loneliness is the absence of something you wished for, the loss of something you loved. Most of us, I imagine, can recall the abysmal desolation of being a child and losing our pet dog."

"It's racial for woman to wish to partake of the bounty of nature. The only way the city woman can do this is to shoulder in at the Monday bargain counter, 'getting something for next to nothing.' The rural woman gathers eggs and blueberries, bakes and churns and puts up preserves and never complains of loneliness."

"As for the city, you don't know your neighbors. They don't know you. We have the classic story of the janitor who didn't know a thing about the family in the fifth floor north: 'I don't know what business he is in or who his friends are, but I'll tell the world they certainly send down some swell garbage.'"

"The prairie woman hasn't time to be lonely. She must work or perish. When one gets right down to the essentials—read Stefanosson's 'The Friendly Aretle'—and you must realize the Eskimo woman in her igloo has as many things to make her happy and keep her interested and make her think as has the woman who lives at the Waldorf or the Ritz. The prairie gives you the physical strength to meet the demands of the labor. There is something ozone in it, something that keeps you on your toes and gives you a pulse a good ten beats faster to the minute."

"The howl of a coyote across a green rind of twilight can sound pretty lonesome. But it's not half as lonesome as the sound of an orchestra to a hall-roomer when the Other People are busy dancing. (And the roar of Broadway through a hall-room window can be quite as desolate as the evening song of katydids across a Western coulee.)"

"It's the secretly lonely woman who listens to her Carnegie Hall music

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### DOCTOR WHO GIVES CREDIT TO WINE FOR HIS 99 YEARS

Followed Advice of Brother Physician to Use Beverage; Overcame Early Ailment.



DR. STEPHEN SMITH KEVSTONE VIEW

### FIRST WIFE'S GHOST HARRIES NO. 2 TILL CHASED BY PASTOR

Worried Hubby Gets Clergyman to Exorcise Spook After It "Chokes" Successor.

MERIDEN, Conn., Feb. 20.

After months of torment by the spook of her husband's first wife, which became so bold last week as "to choke her and knock a flatiron out of her hand," Mrs. Reinhold Kirschstein of No. 123 Lewis Avenue is happy to-day in the belief that the pastor of her church has exorcised the evil spirit. But women neighbors are not so sure that the ghost has been banished and there is much subdued excitement over the strange happenings reported since Kirschstein, a widower with two children, took unto himself a second wife last July following the death in January of the first Mrs. Kirschstein.

Since November Mrs. Kirschstein has been frequently visited by the spook, and last Thursday it attacked her, she says, and when her husband returned from work the worried man summoned the clergyman, who is credited with casting out the apparition for good.

### CHURCH FEDERATION WILL AID JOBLESS.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the New York Federation of Churches it was decided to organize an Unemployment Bureau to be conducted by the combined Protestant churches of the city. An office will be established in a central location in Manhattan, but applications for jobs may be made at nearly any Protestant church. It is planned to co-operate with employers and organizations closely related to the churches.

### Who is the Biggest Builder in this town?

What made him so? Common sense. And if he smokes Turkish cigarettes, he smokes

### LORD SALISBURY Turkish Cigarettes

Why? Common sense. LORD SALISBURY is the only high-grade Turkish cigarette in the world that sells for so little money.

Try it.

Also he talked of growing Montreal melons—the kind that bees sting to get the syrup from them. None who has heard Mr. Stringer tell of the nature of the Montreal melon will ever doubt the sincerity of his all-embracing sensitive sympathy.

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### Stern Brothers

West 42nd St. (Between 5th and 6th Avenues) West 43rd St.

### Important Reduction Sale Tuesday of

Women's and Misses'

### SILK or WOOL SWEATERS

A Special Group of desirable Sweaters taken from regular stock and Greatly Lowered in Price to

\$15.00

Tuxedo and slip-on styles in Fibre or pure Silk, Crepe Knit, Iceland Wool or Novelty weaves. A choice of the prevailing colors. . . Main Floor.

### New Models in Women's and Misses'

### SILK BREAKFAST COATS

of TOW-TONE SATIN or GROS de LONDRE

Special at, \$11.50

These BREAKFAST COATS of beautiful quality Silks and daintily trimmed, impart so much the "House-Dress" appearance that they are not confined exclusively to the Boudoir. They can appear with propriety as porch or informal "at Home" Dresses. Ruchings, silk rosebuds, large pockets and self sashes, add attractive finishing touches. Light and dark colors are included in the color range.

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